Dear Dick, 4/19/91

The Washington Post's George Lardner was here all day Tuesday. Although I had spoken to him only in terms of a book, he had to propose a story to get the time. Editor Ben Bradlee likes the idea of a story. In response to my apprehensions, including that it might suggest such a book to others, his response was that he knew of two other reporters, both of whom hate Garrison, who were working on stories. So before too long the criticisms will be getting wide attention. And they may, in fact, kindle book interest. In any event, they cannot be avoided, however the attention influences interest in a book.

We have this verbal agreement on a book, my proposal he accepts if he does a book. He takes all his expenses off the top and we split the remainder evenly.

He left with so much we had to use a grocery bag to hold it. The script is based on a real (but dead) man named Boxley was an assistant district attorney when Garrison got interested in the JFK assassination, who was also CIA, and he wrecked the investigation. The truth is that Garrison hired Boxley after his "probe" as it was called in New Orleans was public knowledge and Garrison paid him from private funds from some of his wealthy supporters. He gave the group the name "Turth or Consequences." Maybe "and" instead of "or." I have, among a number of relevant Garrison staff records, the truth on this. And it was I who did the work that got Boxley fired, after Garrison's staff tried and failed. I had and Lardner now has a carbon of the hasty analysis that did the job and the documentary backstopping of it. Complete with a number of Garrison's zany annotations on the file copies of which I used copies for the analysis. You'd not know any of this from his book on which Stone's script is based or from the script, which reflects Stone's own inventions of fact and reality. The reality was all crazier than you can imagine. As I'd hoped, the report I did begins with the clear statement that rather than making it up on his own what Boxley made up was feeding back to Garrison what originated with him.

What I actually prevent was his commemoration of the fifth anniversary of the JFK assassination by charging a man who had killed himself 15 months before JFK was assassinated with being an assassin on the Grassy Knoll and another man, Edgar Eurgene Bradley, then west cost representative of the ultra-reactionary Cape May, N.J. preacher, the Rev. Carl McIntire, with being another assassin. (Thanks to McIntire's abuses on a radio station he owned in Media, Pa., we for a while had the "fairness doctrime.")

I don't now go into other details but there are many and they can be hilarious as well as socially, politically and historically important.

I'd annotated a copy of Garrison's book for a history professor friend and he got it to me in time for Lardner to take it with him.

So, he has much to read to begin with. We left it that after he reads he'll prepare questions and we'll tape my responses when he returns. We did tape more than two hours but that perforce rambled much.

Garrison was his own kind of Inspector Clousseau (?). He went big for a fake book by French intelligence supposedly on the JFK assassination and I have the proof from his staff records. Lardner was amused and has that.

The more I think about it the more convinced I am that this book has enormous potential and I'm sure that when he is informed enough to question me I'll think of more.

Meanwhile, by now there should be some commotion In Dallas over the filming, which was to have started the 15th and for which Dealey Plaza was to have been closed to all traffic for two weeks. Perhaps the Times will have some stories you may see. I'd appreciate copies, as of anything else also.

We think Herblock is a superior cartoonist. We clip some and send copies to a few friends. They accumulated during tax season when Bill was busy. When she made copies she made an extra set so on the chance you (pl) may find them interesting, the are enclosed.

Best, Sarah

The other reporters I refer to know nothing about any of what I gave Lardner.